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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF
MISS SARAH EVE.

WRITTEN WHILE LIVING NEAR THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA IN 1772-73.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. EVA EVE JONES, OF AUGUSTA, GA.

[The parents of the young lady, whose Journal we give, were Oswell Eve and Anne Moore. According to the records of Christ Church they were married June 2, 1744. They had thirteen children, seven of whom died in infancy. Of those who arrived at years of maturity, John, the second child, was b. Feb. 28, 1746-7, and married in 1770, Jane Campbell; Sarah was b. Feb. 1749-50, and was buried Dec. 4, 1774; Oswell was b. July 25, 1755 (his tombstone says 1754, but we follow the church records), and died at his residence, Richmond Co., Ga., August 14, 1829. There is also a Martha named on the Christ Church Record, b. Dec. 31, 1751, and, although there is no mention of her death, it is likely she died young, as did Oswell the first born, Anne, Mary, James, and three others, for a family letter speaks of Sarah as the only sister of Oswell, Jr.

The names of William and Joseph are not recorded at Christ Church, but they are spoken of in the Journal, and in letters of the family.

In 1745 Oswell Eve, the elder, was a sea captain, commanding the ship George, and was so prosperous that from 1756 to 1760 he was part owner in no less than twenty-five different vessels. During part of this time he was a shipping merchant of Philadelphia, and in 1756 was a Lieutenant in Captain Samuel Mifflin's Company of Philadelphia Associators. In 1766 he became a member of the Society for the Relief of the Poor, Aged, and Infirm Masters of Ships, their Widows and Children.

A daughter of Oswell Eve, Jr., writes that her grandfather "lived in a large stone house in Philadelphia; the sons and daughter were educated in Philadelphia, and my father was a class-mate and associate of Drs. Rush, Shippen, and James. His father was the owner and captain of the British war brig The Roebuck; my uncle Joseph had his father's commission in his possession. As soon as his eldest sons, John and Oswell, were large enough he took them to sea with him, leaving the rest of his family at a place near Philadelphia, where his wife and daughter lived until near the commencement of the war, in very comfortable circumstances, seeing a great deal of company. It was then Dr. Rush became engaged to my aunt, but she died three weeks before the event was to take place. When the war broke out, my grandparents went to Nassau, and died at uncle Joseph's house in New Providence."

As will be seen by the Journal, Captain Eve, having met with misfortunes

in business, left his family May 1, 1768, and with his sons John and Oswell went to the West Indies, where he engaged in business, which was principally transacted at Montego Bay, Jamaica.

After an absence of over five years he felt that his affairs would allow him to return to his family, and it is while looking forward with pleasant expectations for this event that the diary of his daughter closes.

The claim made by Captain Eve on the British Government for losses in the war gives us a clue to the location of the place near Philadelphia where his family resided. In a letter of Daniel Coxé to Mr. Physic, in the "Penn Papers," it is stated that he claims for "a Plantation of 200 acres, near Frankford, with Powder Mill, Buildings, Improvements, &c., valued by Abel James and Robert Morris (Miller) at £5000 cur'y, or £25 per acr.," and for 4 acrs. with Buildings, Distillery Improvements, &c., in the Northern Liberties, valued by the same persons at £1475 cur'y.

It was at the latter place that the Journal was kept, and as Miss Eve in it speaks of going as far as the Meredith place (situated north of Columbia Avenue, between Germantown and Frankford Roads), and again of going towards the barracks (on Third Street, south of Green) on her way from the city, and on another day of walking around the mill-dam with her brother Joseph, it is likely the house was situated on the stream which supplied the Globe Mill at Germantown Road and Canal Street, the dam of which was west of the present line of Fifth Street above Thompson, a site now covered with houses, but until lately occupied by glue factories and tanyards, presenting a scene greatly different from that described in the Journal as a place where wild flowers could be gathered.

John Eve returned to Philadelphia before his father and brother Oswell. In 1770, he married Jane Campbell; but his business necessitated his rejoining his brother, and reference to them both will be found in the Journal. His wife is the sister whose house in the city is frequently mentioned.

Of the Authoress of the Journal, a member of the family wrote: "Her hair, though red, was always fashionably dressed, and her appearance very stately. On one occasion when a companion said she 'was too proud,' another answered, 'there is more humility under Sally Eve's high head than under many a Quaker bonnet.'" As has been stated, she was buried on Dec. 4, 1774, three weeks before the time fixed upon for her marriage with Dr. Rush. On the 12th of the same month, the following contribution appeared in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, and without doubt it is intended to depict her character.

For the Pennsylvania Packet.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

Amelia was the only daughter of an happy couple who spared no pains in her education. Some family occurrences obliged her to withdraw from the eye of the public, at a time of life when she was perfectly qualified to appear before it with advantage. She carried into retirement all the virtues and accomplishments of public life. It was impossible for her to lay them aside,

for they were the gifts of Nature. It will appear from the sequel of her character, that she belonged to the *first order of beings*.

Her understanding was strong, her imagination brilliant, and her taste correct. These were improved by an intimate acquaintance with some of the best poetical and prose writers in the English language. Her disposition was amiable; a person who had lived with her from a child, declared, that she had never once seen her angry, or heard a hasty word from her lips. Her manners were polished. They were not put on, and laid aside, like a part of dress; she was always alike captivating, even in her most careless moments, and in the society of her most intimate friends. Her person was elegant, her face had an happy mixture of the beautiful and agreeable in it; her voice was soft, and her elocution was flowing. Her sentiments were often original, and always just; it was impossible for her to speak upon any subject without gaining the attention of company. Such were her unaffected displays of good sense, modesty, and good humour, that no one, I believe, ever left her without emotions of love, esteem, or admiration.

She was at peace with the whole world; and no wonder, for she was at peace with herself. No one every heard her say a disrespectful word of any body; on the contrary, she was a volunteer in behalf of every suffering character; she plead the cause of wounded innocence with success, and never failed to call up pity to reprieve unfortunate guilt, where justice had pronounced sentence against it. She laid all the errors of both sexes upon the weaknesses, seldom upon the depravity, of human nature. Heaven rewarded this candour, in not imposing upon her the difficult and painful duty of forgiving enemies. She never had one.

She possessed the most exquisite and delicate sensibility of soul. Upon hearing of distress in any body or of any kind, she did not show her sympathy by expressions of pity, or by dropping a tear in company, but by the less equivocal sign of an affecting silence, and by the most particular enquiries into the issue of the distressed object, after an interval of time so long, that the relator of the tale had sometimes forgotten the principal circumstances of it.

She was cut off in the 24th year of her age by a painful and lingering illness. It would be to level her virtues to say she bore it with patience. She bore it with magnanimity. She dreaded the attacks of her pain which were periodical, only because they sometimes extorted groans from her which disturbed her parents. She was reconciled to living, only because she thought her life had become necessary to their happiness.

It would exceed the bounds I have prescribed to myself, or I might here mention her many edifying conversations with her parents, her friends, her physicians, and her attendants during her illness. She sometimes gave a temporary exaltation to their minds, which obliged them to view her with astonishment, and if ever the heads that thought, the hearts that felt, and the hands that administered to her, relaxed one moment in their duty, it was only when they beheld her capacity of happiness enlarged beyond the possibility of being satisfied with anything short of the happiness of Heaven.

From the style of the composition it is possible that it was from the pen of her afflicted lover; but alas for the constancy of man! the same paper, on the 15th of January, 1776, gives notice of the marriage of Dr. Benjamin Rush and Julia Stockton.—Ed.]

December 13th, 1772.—Sitting before the fire this evening, a thought came over me to write a few lines every night, of what sort of weather we have, whether we go out or not, who comes to see us, and how we spend our time summer and winter. I flatter myself that this will be the last winter that we shall spend here; and I think that from this Journal, altho' unentertaining as it will be, my dear Father may form a pretty just idea of the melancholy winters that we have had since he went away. I wish I had thought of this sooner, or at least on the first of this month, but as that was not the case, think it would be ingratitude not to remark the extreme pleasant weather we have had since the month began. Not a cloudy day, every morning a fine white frost, so that one might say with Belcour,¹ it is so warm that if the calendar did not call it winter, one would be ready to swear it was the opening of spring. This morning I went to the opening of the New Meeting House, heard Mr. Sprout² preach, the house much crowded—Query, the motive?—Novelty or Religion? In the afternoon, Mama and I drank Tea at Capt. Stainforth's, met a great deal of company there, among the rest Major Edmonson,³ just returned from the Illinois; he appears very clever, we think there is a likeness between the Major & Gov. Denny.

December 19th.—Cloudy, but pleasant. Drank Tea with Polly Garrigues found Nancy Mitchell there, which not a little pleased me, as I always feel a peculiar satisfaction when in company with any of that family.

December 23rd.—The weather still fine. Spent the day very happy at Mrs. Parrish's with Debe and Hannah Mitchell.

¹ A character in Cumberland's play of the West Indian.

² The Rev. James Sproat, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Fourth and Arch Streets. Dr. Sproat was b. at Scituate, Mass., April 11, 1721, O. S., d. of yellow fever Philadelphia, Oct. 19, 1793. His church, built in 1750, was long known as the New Meeting House, and it is possible that it is the one spoken of, as it had been repaired shortly before the time of the above entry.

³ Charles Edmonstone, Major 18th or Royal Irish Regiment, 1772; sold out in 1775. Wm. Denny was Governor of Pennsylvania, 1756-1759.

Returned in the evening, and wrote a letter to my father by Capt. Gilbert. Read the "Fashionable Lover," a prodigious fine comedy wrote by Cumberland.

January 4th, 1773.—A fine, pleasant morning. Walked to town, dined at Mr. T. Clifford's with Mr. & Mrs. Watson, Mr. & Mrs. Smith and Betsey Guest from Burlington, spent the day very agreeable. Heard while I was in town that Dr. Curry was come from the Bay,¹ had been in town three days and he has not called to see us. We are very angry at him, so angry that we think, were he to come and see us now, we should not ask him one question about the Bay. We are very much disappointed in him, as we expected he would not be many hours in town before he would be here. Spent the evening and slept at Mr. Mitchell's.

January 5th.—A clear day. Dined at Mr. Mitchell's with Mrs. Curry; she excused the Doctor all in her power. I begin to think he is not quite so much to blame as we at first imagined, first he was not so long in town as we heard, then he has had a bad cold, and what he thought much more about, and what *we* can not be angry with him for, was he had entertained so high an idea of our *quality*, that the poor Doctor thought his cloathes were not good enough to wait upon us in, therefore he delays his visit until he gets fitted up in the "macaronia"² taste, I suppose.

¹ Montego Bay, Jamaica, where her father was in business.

² This was the common designation of a *beau* or *dandy* at the time Miss Eve wrote, and, as it has crept into some versions of the national song of Yankee Doodle, which read: "He stuck a feather in his hat and called it Macaroni," it may be well to say something of its origin. In Wright's Caricature History of the Georges it is said that in the early part of the reign of George III. a club was formed in London by a number of young men, who had made the tour of the continent, and had returned from Italy with all the vices and follies they had picked up there. The club was called "The *Macaroni*," from the dish which peculiarly distinguished their table and the members soon became distinguished by the title of *Macaronis*; it was their pride to carry to the utmost excess every description of dissipation, effeminacy of manners, and modish novelty of dress. Everything that was fashionable was *à la Macaroni*. Even the clergy had their wigs combed, their cloths cut, "their delivery refined *à la Macaronis*." Macaroni articles

February 1st.—I dined at Mr. Clifford's and indeed staid a few days with them, had called to congratulate them on the birth of a daughter. In the afternoon Anna and I went out to look for some Calico for Mrs. Smith, we were to return immediately, but instead of that, we staid and drank Tea with Betsey Guest,—sad girls, sad girls!—but we really could not help it, our cloaks and bonnets were taken off by force, and locked up—but that was from our desire, as we found they were determined to keep us, we begged they would secure them, which they accordingly did;—worse and worse!—worse and worse!

February 10th.—Cloudy and rather warm. Spent the morning very happily. In the afternoon we received a formal

abounded everywhere. There was Macaroni music, and there were Macaroni songs set to it. The most popular of these latter was the following:—

THE MACARONI.

Ye belles and beaux of London town,
Come listen to my ditty;
The muse in prancing up and down
Has found out something pretty,
With little hat, and hair dress'd high,
And whip to ride a pony;
If you but take a right survey,
Denotes a Macaroni.

Along the street to see them walk,
With tail of monstrous size, sir,
You'll often hear the graver ones talk,
And wish their sons were wiser.
With consequence they strut and grin,
And fool away their money;
Advice they care for not a pin—
Ay—that's a Macaroni.

With boots, and spurs, and jockey-cap,
And breeches like a sack, O;
Like curs sometimes they'll bite and snap,
And give their whip a smack, O.
When this you see, then think of me,
My name is Merry Crony;
I'll swear the figure that you see
Is called a Macaroni.

Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The ladies to delight, O;
Their senses give unto the wind,
To make themselves a fright, O;
This fashion who does e'er pursue,
I think a simple-tony;
For he's a fool, say what you will,
Who is a Macaroni.

invitation from Mrs. Stretch to drink Tea with her at her new house, to which Hannah and myself comply'd with cheerfulness. We stept into Mrs. Parish's for a moment, and then went to Mrs. Stretch's. We were much pleased with our visit & her new house: the neatness and proportions of the furniture corresponding so well with the size of the house, that here one may see elegance in miniature—I don't mean the elegance of a palace, but of simplicity which is preferable—the one pleases the eye but flatters vanity, the other pleases the judgment and cherishes nature. As I walked through this home I could not help saying this surely might be taken for the habitation of Happiness!

Isabel & my brothers came to town for me, & we returned between seven and eight o'clock.

February 15th.—A delightful day. We had the pleasure of Mrs. Clifford's company the greater part of the day. Mrs. Stainforth and her two little girls ran over here in the morning without *clokes* or bonnets, and staid until dinner time. This evening Isabel planted peas, concluding like the Young Man in the Fable, from the exceeding fineness of the day, that summer was come; and as the death of the swallow and coldness of the weather which was so pleasant but the other day, convinced him of his mistake in prematurely selling his *cloathes*, so I fancy will the rottenness of the peas satisfy her that had they been planted six weeks later, it had been much better. However, as this haste only proceeds from an anxiety of having them before our neighbors, it may be termed an innocent, if not a laudable emulation.

February 21st.—The weather to day—but what shall I say of the weather? we have had “very cold,” “extremely cold,” “excessive cold,” and “exceeding cold,” as says this Book now, none of these separately is sufficient to convey the idea of the temperature of this day—it needs more than the superlative degree, it would take a super-superlative degree if there is such an one, for it is very extremely excessive cold, in short, they say that it has not been so cold since that winter the ox was frozen on the river. Mr. & Mrs. Smith, George, Betsey & Anna Guest, Anna Clifford & I, dined at

Mrs. T. Clifford's.¹ After dinner A. C. and I went home and drank Tea alone, but in the evening the above company spent with us. Duncie! how could it be "the above company" when they are at the bottom of the other side? well Mr. Critic, you know what I mean!

February 26th.—As fine a day as in April. In the morning Dr. Shippen came to see us. What a pity it is that the Doctor is so fond of kissing; he really would be much more agreeable if he were less fond. One hates to be always kissed, especially as it is attended with so many inconveniences; it decomposes the economy of one's *hankerchief*, it disorders one's *high Roll*, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance; in short the Doctor's, or a sociable kiss is many times worse than a formal salute with bowing and curtsying, to "this is Mr. Such-an-one, and this Miss What-do-you-call her." 'Tis true this confuses one no little, but one gets the better of that sooner than to readjust one's dress.

March 12th.—A pleasant day, but windy. Mrs. Clifford and Fanny dined with us. After dinner Mama went up with Mrs. C. to her garden: the peas that were planted under the glasses are up, and they say, look beautifully. I never once thought of it before I heard Mrs. Clifford mention it, why such an exemplary man as Mr. Duché² should sit every

¹ Thomas Clifford, son of an Englishman, of the same name, was a native of Philadelphia. He married Aunt Guest, of Burlington, the aunt of the Misses Guest (daughters of Jonathan G.) so often mentioned. Mr. Clifford was an eminent merchant before the revolution, and one of those who signed the non-importation agreement. He and his family were members of the Society of Friends, in whose burial ground he was interred in 1793. His wife was buried in the same ground in Nov. 1803. Their children were Thomas Clifford, who married a Miss Dowell, of Bristol, England, and had two daughters. John Clifford, who married Anna Rawle, and had Rebecca, who married John Pemberton. Elizabeth, who married William Smith (the Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of the "Journal"). And Anna (Miss Eve's particular friend), who married in Oct. 1773, Jacob Giles, of Maryland.

Miss Ann Guest died unmarried.—C. R. H.

² The Rev. Jacob Duché, senior assistant minister of the United Churches, Christ Church and St. Peters. For sketch see PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE, vol. ii. p. 58.

day and have his hair curl'd and powder'd by a barber. Since, I have thought about it *greatly*, and would like to hear *his* sentiments on this subject. But, my dear ma'am, what would a Parson be without *powder*, it is as necessary to *him* as to a *soldier*, for it gives a more significant shake to his head, and is as *priming* to his words & looks. As to having his hair curled, he perhaps thinks it of little or no consequence, since curled or uncurled locks will turn so gray, or perhaps he may look upon it as more humiliating to wear his own hair than a wig, as then his head must serve as a *block* on which the barber must dress it.

In the evening Nancy & Hannah Mitchell came up to see us. I ask Rose's pardon, I really came near forgetting we had the pleasure of seeing her black lady-ship in the afternoon, but as our girl was not at home we could not prevail upon her to stay to Tea. "Farewell, my dear missey, my love to ye girl, d'ye hear!"

March 23rd.—A most fine day indeed, but as this is not uncommon at this season, I dare say, in a week it will be entirely forgotten, as in general it is only the rare occurrences that make impressions on the memory. In this year we have had as yet but one day rendered memorable by its temperature, and that was the 21st of February, the extreme coldness of which made it so. Scarcely a day but you hear it referred to; it was "that cold Sunday" that such an one caught their cold; the relation of such, another, attributes the death of a friend to "that cold Sunday," such a thing happened a week or two before "that cold Sunday," when was it? let me see, it was, it was, oh! it was the day before, or after "that cold Sunday," and so on! It puts me in mind of those lines of our poet Godfrey:¹

"Curiosity's another name for Man;

"The blazing meteor streaming thro' the air,

¹ Thomas Godfrey whose poems were published in 1765. He was the son of the inventor of the quadrant, was born in Philadelphia 1736, and died at the age of twenty-six. The lines quoted are from *The Prince of Parthia, A Tragedy*. Act I. Scene 2d.

"Commands our wonder, and admiring eyes
 "With eager gaze we trace the lucent paths
 "Till spent at last, it shrinks to native nothing,
 "While the bright stars which ever steady glow
 "Unheeded shine and bless the world below."

The weather certainly may be said to be an emblem of mankind; there are few men in an age that are remembered after they are dead, and those few for being remarkable, like the days of the year, extreme in something, man for his goodness, wisdom, or ambition, for the service or disservice he has done a community, in common, with the weather only pleases or displeases for the present, all is forgotten when no more. It seems ingratitude so soon to forget those whose whole lives were made eminent by their social virtues, when perhaps another will be remembered and his name handed down to posterity for having been the best hair-dresser, or the best fiddle-maker of his time.

March 25th.—A most dreadful, rainy, windy day indeed. I am really afraid we shall hear of some damage done, as I think I never heard it blow harder. Alas! the poor Sailors, protect them, Heaven!

March 27th.—A fine day, but still windy. In the morning I went over to Mrs. Stainforth's and staid with her until dinner time. We had the pleasure of Mr. Clifford's company to dine with us. In the afternoon Mr. & Mrs. Garriguse, Hannah Mitchell, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Rush (bless me, what a girl, Mr. Rush should have been set down first, I am sure, but now it is too late), and Mr. J. Giles drank Tea with us.

March 30th.—Warm and cloudy. In the morning I went to Mrs. Rush's where I spent the day and night. In the evening I had the pleasure of seeing Capt. Bethel¹ for the first time. About ten o'clock I went to bed and left Miss Bets up. Query, which was the happier, that lady sitting up with her —, or myself lying in a fine soft bed, reading

¹ Robert Bethel, a sea captain. He married the young lady mentioned, Betsy, daughter of William Rush. She was a second cousin of Dr. Rush.

the "Adventures of the renowned Don Quixote," and in a most excellent humour to enjoy it?

April 4th.—I think for the future I will not be so particular about the weather, and will only notice what is rather uncommon. At this season there is such a sameness in the weather it only makes so much tautology to notice it, and I am quite out of patience, for there is nothing like "sweet variety." I have many times thought what a mercy it was, that I did not take it in my head to set down in this Tally, the exact time of the rising and setting of the sun every day, the southing of the moon, and how often the wind changed; and yet upon second thought, I don't know but it would have been best, for I need only to have collected a few recipes, old sayings & scraps of poetry, and in a year or two I might have published as good an almanack as Father Abraham's, Poor Richard's, or even Mr. Taylor's. "But now," says mama, "*we have no such almanacks as his was!*"¹

May 1st.—A May morning indeed! After breakfast I went to Mr. Mitchell's where I spent the day, in the evening I went to my sister's, where I met Mama & the boys. This morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells in memory of King

¹ The first issues of Poor Richard's Almanac were, as is well known, published by Franklin. It was continued by Franklin and Hall, and by Hall and Sellers. Father Abraham's was to some extent fashioned after it, and was printed by Dunlap, the editor being Abraham Weatherwise. Taylor's Almanac was earlier even than Franklin's. It was calculated by Jacob Taylor, and in 1702, James Logan spoke of him as "a young man who had wrote a pretty Almanac for this year." In these days of cheap printing, when encyclopædia and digests are at the command of every one, it is hard to realize the important part the almanac bore in the every-day life of our ancestors. To them it was cook-book and family physician; prophet, poet, and historian. Many a lesson of morality has been conned with its warning precepts, and more than one Lycurgus has begun his studies with it. Strung on a cord, and hung by the side of the chimney-place for easy reference, the number increased by the issue of each succeeding year, they formed a "Handy Series," which defied for a time the enterprise of publishers. Stained with dirt and smoke, dog-eared and imperfect, they have come down to us, puzzles to bibliographers, delights of antiquarians, and horrors of librarians. But, unsightly as they are, the future writer of American Folk Lore cannot pass them by in silence.

Tammany, as he was used to be called, but now I think they have got him canonized, for he is now celebrated as St. Tammany. This day is five years since my dear father left us; I am persuaded that had we known that morning we parted with him, that he was to have been absent so long, we should have thought it impossible to have existed for one half the time; nay, I know not at that time whether we should have wished it. Happy mortals are we, that we cannot dive into futurity! if we could, how pleasure would be anticipated until it became tasteless, and the knowledge of distant evil would render us utterly insensible to the joys of present good.

May 2nd.—In the evening I went to church and heard Mr. Stringer¹ for the first time since his return from England. I dined at Mr. Rush's. Betsey & myself in the afternoon went to Christ Church. Tom Combs² preached upon my word he was really a good echo of Mr. Duché; when I came home I found a letter from Mrs. Stainforth (now in her new home at Prince Town).

May 4th.—Between eight and nine o'clock this morning, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Clifford, and I in the carriage, and Mr. Smith

¹ The Rev. William Stringer, Rector of St. Paul's Church on Third Street. He was first ordained by a Greek Bishop, and under this authority preached for several years to the congregation of St. Paul's. In December, 1772, he went to England, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. On May 4, 1773, he was chosen Rector of the church.

² Rev. Thomas Coombe, D.D., at that time one of the assistant ministers of the United Churches. In the appendix to *Inscriptions in St. Peters Churchyard*, an excellent biographical notice of him will be found by Mr. Charles R. Hildeburn. While undoubtedly a man of brilliant parts, there was probably truth in the criticism of Miss Eve, for John Adams, in his diary, writes (Oct. 9, 1774): "Coombe, indeed, is a good speaker, but not an original, but a copy of Duché." Miss Eve must not be accused of speaking disrespectfully of the Cloth, for she possibly met Tom Coombe, then in his 26th year, oftener in society than she saw him in the pulpit. Indeed, it may be, that he was an individual in whom the young folks of the day were just then particularly interested; for a short time before he had had a very suggestive correspondence with the Rector and Vestry of Christ Church regarding the salary which would enable a person "to support a family decently," and two weeks after Miss Eve speaks of him, he was married to Miss Sally Badger.

on horseback, set off for Rocky Point,¹ about seventeen miles distant. The morning was as fine as ever shone in May, and the roads exceeding good. We passed through Frankfort, but saw nothing worth remarking there, save one or two ill done things, and the first house built in the place; at present it bears but little the appearance of antiquity, as they have made the outside entirely new; it is a frame building and small, and may be said to resemble the man's knife that had been used for so long a time, only he had had two new blades, & as many new handles added. The prospect from the hill after crossing the bridge, is really pleasing; one has a fine view of several elegant houses on the Point side, and on the other is the country road; the church stands on the right, and is a good-looking country church enough! From the *Wheat Sheff*² I was an entire stranger to that part of the world, as here were the bounds of my travels eastward; from here Mr. Clifford was kind enough to show me the many pleasant farms and places that we passed, and informed us who were the possessors of them, which greatly augmented the pleasure of the ride, and will serve in a manner to rivet the many pleasing ideas I then had: as I dare say were I to go that way again would be brought fresh to my memory, as by such a place I thought so and so, &c. The prospects on each side are beautiful, and you are every now and then agreeably surprised by a sight of the Delaware. We are now on Pennock Bridge; you will say I am but a poor traveller when I tell you it is the best bridge I ever went over, although it has but three arches.³ I wish it was in my power to describe the beauties of this place; stop and look at it! on the left side you see the water tumbling down the rocks frothing and sparkling as it goes; at the bottom it runs rippling over stones and then through the bridge where it soon seems to forget its late rapidity and gently murmurs on. The creek is

¹ The seat of Mr. T. Clifford on the Delaware nearly opposite Burlington.

² The "Wheat Sheaf," an inn on the Bristol Turnpike, famous in that day and generation.

³ It was built in 1697-8. A view of it will be found in Atkinson's Casket.

not very wide, so that the trees on each side might almost shake hands, and what adds much to the beauty of the whole, are the shrubs and bushes all in blossom along the banks. But it won't do to stay here all day, we must leave it to the possession of the sylvan inhabitants and pursue our journey. I have forgotten to mention before that we passed the place upon which it was first designed by man, but not by the author of nature, to have built Philadelphia;¹ it is a fine, high, delightful spot, and much pleasanter than where it now stands; after some time they discovered a riff of rocks near the harbour, which was the natural cause of their quitting that sweet spot; it still goes by the name of "Old Philadelphia," and there are many good Plantations upon it, the distance from the present city being about twelve miles. We passed another church exactly like that at Frankfort, with a well and horse block at the side of it, but whether the church is this, or the other side of Penne Pack, I cannot recollect.² The way from this to Poquestion (Poquessink?) Bridge is pleasingly diversified by hills and agreeable looking farms, and at this season is beautiful indeed; the sheep feeding upon the sides of the hills, the birds hopping from bough to bough, the cattle grazing on the meadows, or lying at their ease under the shade of a spreading oak or poplar, serves to put one in mind of that age so celebrated by the Poets. I remember nothing remarkable from here to Sham-eney;³ we crossed the ferry in a scow rowed by one man. I wonder they don't have ropes as they have at the Schuylkill, but I suppose they know best. We now left the York road and turned to the right, the way very pleasant, and we soon entered the confines of Rockey Point, our first salutation was from the sweet birds perched upon the boughs that we almost touched from the sides of the fences; the violets were blown in quantities, and the houses began to open to our view;

¹ On the Delaware below Poquesink Creek in Biberry. The site was abandoned it is said on account of the rocks called "The Hen and Chickens." See *Watson's Annals of Philadelphia*, vol. i. pp. 42 and 56.

² All Saints Church, Lower Dublin township, Philadelphia.

³ Neshaminy.

then such a prospect! but what shall I say of it the most luxuriant fancy cannot imagine a finer one. It was after twelve that we alighted, much pleased with our ride, and a most excellent appetite for dinner, which Betsey soon obliged us with, and we convinced her in a much more expressive manner than by words how good it was. There are two neat pretty houses here, with two handsome rooms upon a floor, and kitchens behind them; the descent is gradual to the river, and the distance a quarter of a mile, the avenue, which is over two hundred feet wide is planted with different kinds of cherry-trees. The plan of this place is really elegant as there is to be a large mansion in the middle. From the house you have a most extensive view up and down the river and in the Jerseys for miles, you likewise see Burlington. Between three and four o'clock Mr. Smith went down to look for a boat, as we intended to lodge in Burlington. Luckily at that time there happened to pass a negro fellow going there in a boat very proper for our purpose, and he was good enough to wait until Mr. Smith came up for us. We bade Mr. Clifford good-bye, stepped into the boat, and Mr. S. performed the same kind offices rendered by Mr. C. in the morning, telling me of the places as they came in sight. We passed one or two islands that were agreeably shaded and looked very prettily, likewise a Point they called "World's End," but with what reason I know not. Burlington looks very well from the water, the Governor's house and many others stand delightfully pleasant, as they command a prospect of Bristol and a very good one of the river, but not so extensive as from Rockey Point, which from here looks very well. The distance, they say, is two miles. We landed about tea-time, and were welcomed by three of Mr. Guest's daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Guest were out fishing. We were too much fatigued to think of going out in the evening, went to bed at ten, and slept more soundly, I dare say, than any crowned head in Europe.

May 5th.—This morning I chanced to wake pretty early and recollecting what they told me, that unless I got up soon I should see nothing of their market as it would be over—

one of their markets stood opposite to where we were, up I jumped and looked out of the window, but there was nobody in it, so to bed I went and slept until eight, which happened to be the height of the market, but I do not think there were as many people, buyers and sellers, as there would have been around a person in our market that sold nine eggs a groat! To our great mortification this morning it rained, but in the afternoon it cleared up finely. Betsey and Anna Guest, Mr. Smith and I went out a walking, we first went around, what they call "the Point" or "Governor's Walk." It is really a sweet place, the walk is I imagine near sixty feet wide, open towards the river, and on each side trees are planted of different kinds, the major portion being buttonwood, the ground is very level and the grass green. When you come to the Point, which is one-half of the way round, you turn to the left and leave the river, and walk by the side of a beautiful winding creek. The prospect from the Point is really fine, you have a good view of Bristol on the other side of the river, likewise up and down it; one arm of it just before you embraces a tract of land and makes an island two miles long; there are one or two clever looking houses upon it—I think they call it Sterling Island. After you walk some time up the creek, the walk turns toward the Town, and at the turn there stand the Barracks and Hospital. The Barracks are much better built than ours, the form being the same but a vast deal smaller; the Hospital is but an ill-looking place. The walk now leads into the upper part of the Main or Market Street. As we entre'd the Town we stopt at a house to speak to somebody, we there saw a woman that was between fifty and sixty years of age under inoculation. The court-house stands in the middle of the street, but it is rather a distress't looking building. They have a market at this end of the street which is larger than the other, but not so much used. There are several good houses in this place. From Market street we went out at the side of the Town to look at the Church which is a pretty neat little building enough, with a kind of a steeple or *bellfery* to it. We now turned down towards the River and walked along what they

call the green bank near which the Governor lives. We then went home and drank Tea, after which we walked to see the *Spa*, which I fancy is about half a mile from the Town. The place looked dreadfull, more like a tanpit than anything else; there was a thick chocolate-coloured scum over it, but when you blow this on one side the water is clear and *I* think tastes *inky*; they told me it would iron mould linen if wet with it, I try'd it but it had not that effect. We went into town another way, so I have now been over the greatest part of the place, which I think might be termed an epitome of Town and Country; every house has a large garden, and the trees are almost as thick in the streets as the posts are in ours. It is really excessively pleasant and pleased me much, but put me in mind of the building of Solomon's Temple, as we scarce heard the sound of a hammer the whole time we were in the place. However, I think a person of a social and contemplative turn, could not find a spot where they could indulge both better than in Burlington.¹

May 6th.—This morning it was very foggy, which detain'd us here longer than we intended, but between nine and ten it clear'd away when we took leave of our kind friends and set off for Rocky Point, which we soon reached. Found Mr. Clifford well, and Mr. T. Clifford just come from Philadelphia. Mrs. Bunten that lives here shewed us some furniture which might really be termed reliicks of antiquity, which belonged to Wm. Penn; they purchased the clock which it was said struck *one* just before Wm. Penn died; what makes this remarkable is that it had not struck for some years before;

¹ We can to-day recognize the truth of this description of Burlington in colonial days, for it is true, as Henry Armitt Brown has beautifully expressed it, that "the life of old Burlington has been a modest one. She sings no epic-song of hard-fought fields and gallant deeds of arms; she tells no tales of conquest, of well-won triumphs, of bloody victories. Seated in smiling meadows, and guarded by the encircling pines, her days have been full of quietness and all her paths of peace. The hand of Time has touched her forehead lightly. The centuries have flown by so softly that she has hardly heard the rustle of their wings. The stream of years has flowed before her feet as smoothly as the broad bosom of her own great river by whose banks she dwells."

I was sorry I did not see the clock, but they had removed it from the place where they last lived. About four o'clock we bad adieu to Rocky Point; the time we were there was so short that we could not look about us as much as we wished, which must shorten the description of the place, the external appearance of which is delightful. We had a most charming ride to Town, but such a contrast, instead of the delightful perfumes of the orchards and fields, we no sooner entered the suburbs than we were regaled with shad and other smells as disagreeable. We alighted at Mr. Smith's, well pleased with our agreeable excursion; from there we went to Mr. Clifford's, where we spent the evening happily.

May 7th.—This morning I called to see Mrs. Smith, and then went home with Mrs. Clifford in their carriage, and had the pleasure of finding all very well. My sister had staid with Mama the time I had been absent. In the afternoon Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. January drank Tea with us.

May 18th.—Mama and myself went to town in the morning, called at Mr. Rush's; from there Mama went to Mr. Clifford's and I to Mr. Smith's, where I spent the day very agreeably with Anna Clifford, Betsey and Amelia Guest. I have consented to stay until to-morrow evening.

(To be continued.)